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Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and economy, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight adulterated powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 W. 30th St., N. Y.

**SULPHUR BITTERS**  
The Best and Purest Medicine EVER MADE.

It will drive the humor from your system, and make your skin clean and smooth. Those who are afflicted with Pimples and Eruptions, which mar your beauty, are caused by impure blood. Sulphur Bitters will purify the blood, and remove all skin eruptions. It is the best and cheapest medicine for all skin diseases. Get it of your Druggist. Don't wait. Get it at once.

**PAINT**  
A MAN WHO USES COIT'S PAINT NEVER SWEARS

By using COIT'S COLORED PAINT you can save money and keep your house looking like new. COIT'S COLORED PAINT is the best and cheapest paint ever made. It is the only paint that will not crack, peel, or fade. It is the only paint that will not require any special treatment. It is the only paint that will not require any special treatment. It is the only paint that will not require any special treatment.

**COIT'S HONEST HOUSE PAINT**  
COIT'S FLOOR PAINT

Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home. They will do everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c a package. They are unequal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Freedom of Color and Non-fading Qualities. They do not crack or stain. 40c per sale by H. M. Dimick.

**Painters All Say**  
That's the best Paint in the Market.

Paint your house with PENINSULAR PURE PAINTS. Prepared in white, and handsome line of shades. READY MIXED for the brush or in paste form for thinning. 25c per can. One year's guarantee. GUARANTEE OF PURITY.

**WALTERS & POND PIANOS**  
The finest and most popular instruments before the public.

ONE HUNDRED of these pianos purchased by the great New England Conservatory of Music, and in daily use at that institution. Don't fail to examine these pianos which are creating such a furor among our best musicians. For full information about lowest prices, terms, etc., write or call on WALTERS & POND, General Agent, YPSILANTI, MICH.

**The Upsilonntian.**  
THE TRIP OF THE SPIES.  
LESSON X, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 2.

Text of the Lesson, Num. xlii, 17-33. Commit Verses 30-32—Golden Text, Num. xlii, 30—Commentary by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Condensed from Lesson Helper Quarterly, by permission of H. S. Hoffman, Philadelphia, publisher.

This lesson, which records the sending of the twelve spies to search out the land before entering into it, might well be entitled "the sad work of unbelief," for although we are told that Moses sent them, and in the first and second verses that "the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, send thou men," yet the reason of this sending is seen from Deut. i, 22, to be because the people demanded it. The word of the Lord was, "Behold, I have sent the land before you; go in and possess the land which the Lord swore unto your fathers Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, to give unto them; and to their seed after them" (Deut. i, 8-20); so the only thing for faith to do was to go up and possess it.

17-30. These verses give us the instructions of Moses to the twelve spies who were sent to search out the land. There was one from each tribe, every one a ruler, all heads of the children of Israel. (Vs. 2, 3.) It does seem to be a small, mean business in which they were about to engage, to see whether the land were good or bad, fat or lean, well wooded or not. If some father or mother should plan a gift of great value for their children, the very best and most appropriate gift they could give would be to send them to see whether the land were good or bad, fat or lean, well wooded or not. If some father or mother should plan a gift of great value for their children, the very best and most appropriate gift they could give would be to send them to see whether the land were good or bad, fat or lean, well wooded or not.

31-33. This is the record of their journey and their search. Zim and Rehoboam the southern and northern wanderers (Josh. xv, i, xix, 28); so they went through the whole land to the extreme north. Hebron or Mamre was Abraham's tenting ground, where he built an altar unto the Lord after Lot was separated from him (Gen. xlii, 18); there, also, the Lord and His angels appeared to him, as he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day, and rested themselves under the tree while his partook of the food prepared by Abraham and Sarah (Gen. xviii); and there Sarah died and was buried in the cave of Machpelah (Gen. xxiii, 2-9). It is that cave lay the bodies of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Leah (Gen. xlix, 29-31); it is about twenty miles south of Jerusalem, and about half way to Beersheba. What a privilege to visit such a place! Had these rulers been men of faith, how that faith would have been strengthened by the remembrance of the promises to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. It is evident that Caleb never forgot this visit to Hebron, for forty-five years later he asks and receives from Joshua this same Hebron for his inheritance, nothing daunted by the fact that the Anakims were still there, and that the cities were great and fenced, but saying, "if the Lord be with me, I shall be able to drive them out" (Josh. xiv, 10-15).

25-27. They returned after forty days. Some time we shall see more than we do now of the significance of that wonderful number forty. We think at once of Moses in the mount with God, Elijah visiting the same mount, Jesus in the wilderness with the wild beasts, the period between His resurrection and ascension, and the many other forties of the Scriptures; but who has seen the depths of significance in any of them?

**The Favorite**  
Medicine for Throat and Lung Difficulties has long been, and still is, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and Asthma; soothes irritation of the Larynx and Fauces; strengthens the Vocal Organs; allays soreness of the Lungs; prevents Consumption, and, even in advanced stages of that disease, relieves Coughing and induces Sleep. There is no other preparation for diseases of the throat and lungs to be compared with this remedy.

**Cough Medicine**  
To every one afflicted.—Robert Horton, Foreman Headlight, Morrilton, Ark.

"I have been afflicted with asthma for forty years. Last spring I was taken with a violent cold, which threatened to terminate my days. Every one pronounced me in consumption. I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effects were wonderful, and I was immediately relieved and continued to improve until entirely recovered."—Joel Bullard, Guilford, Conn.

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**  
PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

1,500 Miners Address Gen. Harrison.

"The miners have come here to take a hand in the procuring of bread and butter for labor. Free trade will bring us low wages and very strong smelling butter. We did not leave the shores of the old country to be bossed in this land by foreigners. Those who want a foreign policy ought to go abroad to live. The highest wages for miners in southern England for mining is 62½ cents per day, and the highest wages in any part of England for mining is \$1 per day, and half of this goes for bread. We can make as much in one day as they can in the old two. If the industries in this country are curtailed, we shall be bleeding at England's feet as Ireland does. Let us vote to make a demand for our commodity—labor. We intend to vote, this time, for our wives and children. We are going to take a hand in this fight. We are not deluded by the pernicious theories of free trade, but will vote for the man who is in touch and sympathy with the people."

In response to these wise words, Gen. Harrison said: "The policy which secures the largest amount of work to be done at home, is the policy which will secure the laboring man steady employment and the best wages. Having here a land that throws about the working man, social and political conditions more favorable than are found elsewhere, if we can present also, more favorable industrial conditions we shall secure the highest interests of our working classes. What, after all, is the best evidence of a national prosperity and best guarantee of social order if it is not an intelligent, thrifty, contented working class?"

**Wonderful Cures.**  
Frank Smith, Retail Druggist of Ypsilanti, Mich., says: "We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Buckle's Kidney and Bladder Remedy for years. Have never handled remedies that have sold so well, or given such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by Frank Smith."

**Buckle's Arnica Salve.**  
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Frank Smith.

**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**  
When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

**AN UNPARALLELED BUSINESS.**  
It is said that the Moxie Nerve Food Company have sold nearly 800,000 bottles of their food in about three years. The popularity it has attained has never been paralleled. Counterfeits sprang up to steal the market, but the U. S. Court has then up. To prove it was not a fraud, scores of nervous wrecks and old cases of helpless paralysis recovered by it, were brought before the Court. This unusual, thought to be impossible thing, caused a remarkable sensation. It is very popular as a beverage among the overworked, weak, tired and nervous. The chemists say it is harmless as good food. The Company have put a 7c bottle of the syrup on the market, that with ice water makes seventy-five good drinks of rich beverage, nerve food that will give the weak and tired double powers of endurance at hard work, without stimulation or reaction, at a cost of three cents per day; and it does not lose its effect from long use, but rather builds up the system. It will cure the liquor and tobacco habit, and break a recent intoxication in an hour. It also removes the effect of a debauch in a few hours. It is rapidly taking the place of stimulants and narcotics. Its cure of drunkenness is enough to commend it. The druggists say its sale is simply marvellous. It is a woman's friend, for it causes no stimulation, it gives remarkable powers of endurance, and continues it.

**Five Harvest Excursions.**  
The Burlington Route, C. E. & Q. R. R., will sell on Tuesdays, August 21st, Sept. 11th and 25th, and Oct. 9th and 23d, Harvest Excursion Tickets at Half Rates to the Farming Regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. Limit thirty days. For circular giving details concerning tickets, rates, time of train, etc., and for descriptive hand folder, call on your Ticket Agent, or address P. S. Eustis, Gen'l. Pass. and Ticket Agent, C. E. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

**The Democrat Boom-crang Campaign.**  
The Watertown (N. Y.) Post.

"We have before mentioned the interesting fact that the Buffalo News and the Rochester Herald, both of which advocated Mr. Cleveland's election in 1884, have come over to the support of Harrison and Morton, and to these we now have the pleasure of adding the Rochester Volksblatt, an ably conducted German paper.

It mentions two points that have driven it away from Mr. Cleveland's support. It most vigorously declares that Mr. Cleveland has been false to his implied pledges not to seek a second term, but on the contrary has constantly, and with all possible means, worked for his own re-nomination, and has succeeded, and that is as far as the writer is willing to go.

But the Volksblatt is equally decided on the tariff question. He declares that "the economical policy of the President is pernicious to the country and its industries, and, above all, ruinous to the workmen of the North. The Mills bill, representing the principles laid down by Mr. Cleveland in his message on the tariff question signifies nothing less than the ruin of our industries. A revision of the tariff, giving all the advantages to the South and paralyzing or crippling the industries of the North. We cannot possibly advocate protection for the South and free trade for the North—this is the long and the short of the Cleveland-Mills so-called tariff reform. This is by no means imagination, and we have no desire to frighten anybody, but it is a complete reality, and therefore irresistible logic of facts compels us to oppose Mr. Cleveland to the last."

The favoritism of the Mills tariff bill, here so clearly brought out, is one of its most odious features. No fair-minded man can find a justifiable reason for such sectional partiality in a law of the land.

"Some years ago Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of asthma after the best medical skill had failed to give me relief. A few weeks since, being again troubled with the disease, I was promptly relieved by the same remedy."—P. S. Hassler, Editor Argus, Table Rock, Nebr.

The thermometer must register even though it can't vote.

Sufferers from indigestion, loss of appetite, liver or kidney complaints, rheumatism or neuralgia, would do well to give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a trial. For all such diseases, no medicine is so effective as this, when faithfully and perseveringly used.

The spring chicken's sweet by-and-by is usually quick-taken.

One word: one step may make or mar one's whole future. Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic is the proper move when you have dyspepsia, bad breath, piles, pimples,ague, malaria, low spirits, headache, or any stomach or liver troubles. 50 cents. Fred S. Davis.

**Without health life has no sunshine.**  
Who could be happy with dyspepsia, piles, low spirits, headache, ague or diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys? Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic quickly cures the above diseases. Price 50 cts. Fred S. Davis, aug.

**What is the bandana for? The old Roman knows.**  
The man who does everything "on his own hook" is likely to get caught.

**WATER'S LIVER REGULATOR**  
DYSPEPSIA

Up to a few weeks ago I considered myself the champion Dyspeptic of America. During the years that I have been afflicted I have tried almost everything claimed to be specific for Dyspepsia in the hope of finding something that would afford permanent relief. I had about made up my mind to abandon all remedies when I noticed an endorsement of WATER'S LIVER REGULATOR by a prominent Georgian, a jurist whom I knew, and concluded to try its effects in my case. I have used but two bottles, and am satisfied that I have struck the right thing at last. I felt its beneficial effects almost immediately. Unlike all other preparations of a similar kind, no special instructions are required as to what one shall or shall not eat. This fact alone ought to commend it to all troubled with Dyspepsia.

**SANTA CLAUS SOAP**  
Makes Washing easy and pleasant. SAVES Money, Labor, Time.

Every Family should use it. For all household uses it has no equal. It is HANDY, HANDSOME and SELLS for FIVE CENTS A CAKE. Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., CHICAGO.

**JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA**  
For LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, PURIFYING the BLOOD

Used for 30 Years. Best Preparation in the World for Sick Headache, Pain in the Side or Back, Constipation, Pimples on the Face, Skin Diseases, Salt Rheum, Boils, Piles and all Diseases that arise from a Disordered Liver. It is a powerful tonic for the weak and feeble, especially for females and children. It can not hurt the most delicate constitution, and is one of the Best Medicines in use for Regulating the Bowels. Price \$1.00. Three Bottles for \$2.50. Delivered free of any charge. Sold by Druggists. Send for Circular. W. JOHNSTON & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

**SALESMEN WANTED.**  
To handle our reliable

**FRANK SMITH'S NURSERY STOCK**  
EMPORIUM

For anything that should be found in a stock of

Drugs, Books, Jewelry,

**Wall-Paper, Paints, Notions,**  
OR FANCY GOODS.

The large stock of Spectacles, Eyeglasses, Trusses of all kinds, and prices always better than one-quarter off.

Frank will be glad to see you, and will take 1¢ money from you than any other dealer in the country, and you may always feel sure of the best goods and no mistakes made.

**Rathfon Brothers' FLOUR AND FEED STORE**

If you are in need of

**Seed Corn, Potatoes, and Beans!**

FERTILIZER, DRAIN TILE, BINDING TWINE, MACHINE OIL, WAGONS, DRILLS, CULTIVATORS, PLOWS, AND ALL REPAIRS!

OSBORN BINDER, OSBORN MOWER, ANN ARBOR & EXCELSIOR MOWERS, HAY TREDERS, FORKS, RAKES!

**BALED HAY AND STRAW**  
BY THE BALE OR TON.

ALSO THE BEST FAMILY CREAMERY IN THE MARKET.

**1888 IS HERE**

**D. B. GREENE!**

Is at home every day for office work. Come and get your Life and Property Insured or get a Pension. He will write you a Will, Deed, Mortgage, Contract, or anything else, very cheap, and warrant all correct or no pay.

**WELLS AND CISTERNS**  
DUG AND REPAIRED.

**Chain & Lever Pumps a Specialty**

**GOUGH BROS.,**  
At GRANT'S PLANING MILL,

Adams Street, Ypsilanti. 4153

**A. B. BELL, DENTIST,**  
VanTuy Block, Congress St., YPSILANTI, MICH.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when necessary

**J. A. WATLING, D. D. S. L. M. JAMES, D. D. S.**

**WATLING & JAMES,**  
DENTISTS, HURON ST.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired.

**Be HONEST and chew FINZER'S OLD HONESTY CHEWING TOBACCO**

Pleasant chew. Sweet chew. Lasting chew. Good quality. OLD HONESTY is on the market in only one shape—3x12—full 16oz plug, the most convenient to cut for pocket or to carry whole.

Insist on having the GENUINE with the red H tin tag, made only by John Finzer & Bros., Louisville, Ky.

**ED. A. WALLACE,**  
AGENT FOR

**AMERICAN CYCLES,**

Tricycles, Safeties, Tandems, AND—

**Wheelman's Supplies**

Sold for Cash or on Installments

**5 Union Block**  
YPSILANTI, MICH.

**ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD?**  
Or do you think of using

**Lumber or Paint**

In large or small quantities? If you are, you should at once call on

**S. W. Parsons & Co.**  
DEALERS IN

**BUILDING MATERIAL**  
AND

**Carpenter's Supplies of All Kinds!**

**JOHN B. VAN FOSSEN, D. D. S.**  
DENTAL ROOMS

OVER THE BEE HIVE, UNION BLOCK, CONGRESS ST.

Vitalized Air if desired.

**JOE HUDDING,**  
Carpenter, Joiner and Jobber,

Building Kaiser and Mover.

Work promptly done, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Cor. Cross and Ballard Streets.

**The Ypsilantian 5 Months for 50c.**







FOR THE LADIES.

A Pretty Conceit—The Canoe—Looking for his "Old Sissy"—Unreturning—Notes, etc.

Unreturning.  
Three things never come again:  
Snow may vanish from the plain,  
Blossoms from the dewy sod,  
Verdure from the broken oad,  
Water from the river's bed,  
Forests from the mountain's head,  
Nights may brighten into day,  
Noon in midnight fade away,  
Yet the snow shall come once more  
When the winter tempests roar;  
Blossoms each returning spring  
In her laden arms shall bring;  
Grass be green where plowshares run,  
Rivers flash in autumn's sun,  
Time shall bid the forests grow,  
Noon and midnight come and go,  
But, though all thy soul complain,  
Three things shall not come again.

Never to the bow that bends  
Comes the arrow that it sends;  
Spent its force, its airy flight  
Vanishes like lost delight;  
When with rapid aim it springs  
From the bowstring's shivering twang  
Straight to brain or heart it sped,  
Once for all the way is led,  
No wild wail upon its track  
Brings the barb of vengeance back.  
Hold thy hand before it go:  
Once beside the forest's brow,  
Hurled once across the plain,  
No spent arrow comes again.

Never comes the chance that passed;  
That one moment was its last,  
Though thy life upon it hung,  
Though thy death beneath it swung,  
If thy fate fall the way that  
Now in darkness goes astray,  
When the instant born of fate  
Passes through the golden gate;  
When the hour, but not the man,  
Comes and goes from Nature's plan;  
Never more its countenance  
Beams upon thy slow advance,  
Never more that time shall be  
Burden bearer unto thee,  
Weep and search 'er land and main,  
Lost chance never comes again.

Never shall thy spoken word  
Be again unsaid, unheard,  
Well its work the utterance wrought,  
Once for all the way is led,  
Once for all the judgment said,  
Though it pierced a poisoned spear  
Through the soul's thorn holdest dear;  
Though it quivered but for a breath,  
Through some stainless spirit's sleep;  
Idle, vain, the flying string,  
That a passing ray might bring,  
Such shall glint that time shall be  
Utterance all its barb reveal.

Give thy tears of blood and fire;  
Pray with paupers and the dire;  
Offer life, and soul, and all,  
That one sentence to recall,  
Wrestle with its fatal wrath,  
Chase with flying feet its path,  
Ride it all thy lingering days,  
Hide it deep with love and praise;  
Once for all thy word is sped,  
Never invade it but the dead,  
All thy travail will be vain—  
Spoken words come not again.

A Pretty Conceit.  
"Have you seen the latest fad in  
photograph cases?" said a society  
gentleman to an Evening Sun reporter  
quite recently.

"No. What's it like?"

"I will show you."

The gentleman ran his hand into  
his vest pocket and produced a silver  
dollar with a monogram on one side  
only. He handed it to the reporter,  
who turned it over and over and ex-  
amined it from many sides of observa-  
tion, but failed to catch on to the secret.

"Well, what's this got to do with a  
photograph case?" asked the reporter.  
The gentleman laughed mildly. He  
was immensely pleased with the re-  
porter's perplexity. "My dear fellow,  
don't you see that silver dollar contains  
a photograph of the sweetest, most  
intelligent face you ever saw?"

The reporter began a minute investi-  
gation of the coin, but so perfect was  
the workmanship that he could not  
detect any opening into the interior.

The gentleman took the coin, and  
by giving a quick touch upon an in-  
visible spring the case flew back and  
the laughing features of a lady were  
disclosed.

"I never saw one like it before. I  
think the lady conceived the idea. It's  
just the cutest and handiest thing go-  
ing. Don't you think so? You see  
you can take it about with you all the  
time, and whenever you get hungry for a sight

Of a maiden fair, with golden hair,  
And with eyes of blue and heart all true,  
Why, you just yank it out and take a  
look at it. It keeps a fellow's heart  
beating in the right place, don't you  
know, to have his best girl in his  
pocket all the time."

"Do you think it will become fash-  
ionable?" said the reporter.  
"I can't say, I'm sure. It's very  
simple, and pretty, and just too handy  
for anything."

"But aren't you afraid you'll spend  
it some time without knowing what  
you are plunking down?"

"Oh, but I keep it in my left-hand  
vest pocket, don't you know. A fel-  
low never goes in that direction for  
the coin wherewith to set 'em up.  
And every time I touch that particu-  
lar coin there is a thrill goes all  
through me, so that I know in a  
second that I have hold of it. That  
alone will prevent me from spending  
it by mistake.—New York Evening  
Sun.

Looking For "Old Sissy."  
"I see an eighty year old an' done  
come over to see my ole sistaht," said a  
wrinkled, grizzled colored man, bent  
nearly double with years, as he shuf-  
fled painfully into the Harrison street  
station yesterday afternoon, carrying  
on his shoulder an old cotton um-  
brella, on the tip of which was sus-  
pended his stock of worldly goods tied  
up in a yellow bandana.

"Ain't laid eyes on my ole sis sense  
fo' de wah. Den we was bife slaves,  
an' I wuk' for ole Marse Jim Todd.  
Nebber heart tell o' him? Why ole  
Marse Jim was a pow'ful strong man  
in dem days. He dun own a big hemp  
mill in Lex'ton, Kaintuck. I used to  
cook for him fo' de wah broke out.  
Many's de day I'se done danced little  
Miss Mollie Todd on my ole knee, till  
one day 'long come Marse Abe Linkum  
an' make lub to her an' tuk her away  
an' married her, and sence den I'se  
nebbber seen nor heart tell o' her.  
When de wah broke out I done went  
de de yahny, and ole Marse Abe he  
int'duced me to Gin'l Butler, and  
many's a good meal I'se cooked for  
Marse Butler. I'se dun wuk'd, too,  
for Gin'l Custer an' Gin'l Banks. But  
ev'body done gone off an' I don't know  
nobody hardly now. I'se gettin'  
mighty ole, boy, so I t'ort I come up  
yer an' seeef I couldn't fine my ole  
sissey. I'se walked mos' de way yere,  
but I dun los' de d'rection an' don't  
know what to do. Ef I kin sleep yere  
tonight I'se gwine out tomorrow an'  
look fur 'er agin, but it done seem a  
hopeless case. Chicago's mos' as big

as ole New Awienas, ain't it?" And  
the old man turned away to partake  
of a substantial supper sent by Sergt.  
Hogan. The police will make an  
effort to help him in his search for his  
sister.—Chicago News.

His Home Was Superior.  
When a man is cornered in a rail-  
road car by a woman who is pretty  
but whose conversational powers are  
limited, I suppose he may be excused if  
he resorts to any sort of jocular  
enormities to carry him through.

It happened a day or two ago, says  
the Topical Talker of the Pittsburgh  
Dispatch, that I was traveling to town  
by inches on a Port Wayne accom-  
modation, and I was seated behind a  
couple who might be described fairly  
enough as a man who could talk and  
wasn't worth a cent as a picture, and  
a woman who was a model of femi-  
nine beauty, but evidently possessed  
of a small vocabulary.

Scraps of their dialogue reached me.  
It would be more just to call it a  
monologue, for, as I have said, the  
man did nearly all the talking. I had  
hardly heard more than one word in  
ten until she became slightly exer-  
cised about something or other, and  
then everybody in the car could hear  
her.

The subject lent her eloquence. She  
was singing the beauties of her fa-  
ther's home in the east end. It is a fact  
that east-enders can command more  
enthusiasm in talking of their homes  
than any other dwellers in suburban  
districts. I don't know why it is, but  
if a man owns a one-story frame in  
the east end he is more profligate in  
the announcement of its glories than  
the lordliest owner of a chateau in  
Normandy could be with his mind's  
eye full of turrets and towers and  
arched windows and moats and other  
medieval things.

Well, we must get back to the girl  
who is talking away at a 2:11½  
about "pa's house."

When she had come to the end of  
the oration, which after all was a  
modest, innocent little stringing to-  
gether of girlish adjectives, the brute  
beside her said solemnly: "I quite be-  
lieve all you say, but the place I live  
in is superior."

She looked at him with such a look  
of consternation that if he had pos-  
sessed a heart he couldn't have car-  
ried his plot further. Then it seemed  
to occur to her, perhaps, that she had  
misunderstood his meaning, so she timidly  
asked: "What did you say?"

"I said that my home is superior.  
It sounds rude, but all I mean is that  
I moved there three years ago, and I  
haven't been able to move out since."

Then the brakeman, opening the  
door close behind the pair, shouted:  
"Next station is Superior!"  
She didn't laugh a bit.

I've no doubt that she never will  
laugh again at anything that man says  
to her.

The question is: Did the provoca-  
tion he received justify his verbal out-  
rage?

The Canoe.  
On the great streams the ships may go  
About men's business to and fro,  
But I, the egg-shell pinnace, sleep  
On crystal waters, ankle deep;  
I, whose diminutive design  
Of swifter cedar, platter pine,  
Is fashioned on so frail a mold,  
A hand may launch, a hand withhold.  
I, the unnamed inviolate,  
Green, rustle rivers navigate;  
My dimpled path, my blue wakes  
The berry in the bramble brakes.  
Still forth on my green way I wend  
Beside the cottage garden end,  
And take the lovers unaware.  
By willow, wood and water wheel  
Speedily meet my touching keel;  
I've retired and shady spots  
Where prosper dim forget-me-nots.  
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Story of Annie Laurie.  
I was raised on the farm to  
Mr. Laurie, Annie Laurie's father. I  
was personally acquainted with both  
her and her father, and also the author  
of the song. Knowing these facts, I  
have been requested by my friends to  
give the benefit of my knowledge, which  
I have consented to do.

Annie Laurie was born in 1827, and  
was about 17 years old when the inci-  
dent occurred, which gives rise to the  
song bearing her name. James Laurie,  
Annie's father, was a farmer who  
lived on and owned a large farm called  
"Tharagelston," in Dumfriesshire,  
Scotland. He hired a great deal of  
help, and among those employed was  
a man by the name of Wallace, to act  
as foreman, and while in his employ  
Mr. Wallace fell in love with Annie  
Laurie, which fact her father soon  
learned and forthwith discharged him.  
He went to his home, which was in  
Maxwellton, and was taken sick the  
night he reached there, and the next  
morning when Annie Laurie heard of  
it she came to his bedside and waited  
on him till he died, and on his death-  
bed he composed the song.—Genesee  
(N. Y.) Republican.

Feminine Notes.  
A scar on the neck of the Princess  
of Wales has for years set the fashion  
of more or less concealment of the  
necks of society butterflies; but those  
of the latter who have beautiful white  
necks without a blemish are manifest-  
ing a spirit of revolt, and the Princess  
before long will have to devise some  
other means of concealing her im-  
perfections.

Mrs. Patti Syle Collins, the reader  
of blind handwriting in the Dead  
Letter Department, is an expert.  
She reads all written languages, ex-  
cept Russian and Chinese, and does  
not read these, because, as she says,  
very few Russian letters come to this  
country, and the Chinese are so care-  
ful in preparing the addresses, usually  
writing one in English as well as  
Chinese, that she has found no need.

Marie Genevieve du Sacre Cœur has  
promised herself a prophesies at  
Chartres, the diocese most favored in  
France by supernatural visions. She  
declares that Jesus appears to her in  
visions, and says that he desires the  
foundation of a religious house at  
Leigny, where there was a fight be-  
tween the Prussians and the Pontifical  
Zouaves in 1870. The house is to be  
the parent one of an order of the  
Spouses of the Sacred Heart of Peni-  
tent Jesus, and the nuns who enter it  
are to devote themselves to prayer and  
pious works so as to avert the divine  
anger from France, and bring about  
the restoration of the monarchy under  
Charles XI. She refuses to retract  
her story, and says: "God confounds  
the proud and exalts the simple. A  
bishop treated Joan of Arc as an im-  
poster and the voices that inspired her  
as satanic suggestions."

A VAIN QUEST.

We started one morn, my love and I,  
On a journey brave and bold;  
To seek to find the end of a rainbow,  
And the buried bag of gold.  
But the clouds rolled by from the summer sky,  
And the radiant bow grew dim,  
And we lost the way to the treasure lay,  
Near the sunset's golden rim.

The twilight fell like a curtain  
Pinned with the evening stars,  
And we saw in the shining heavens  
The new moon's golden bars,  
And we said, as our hands clasped fondly,  
"What thought we found no gold?  
Our love is a richer treasure  
Than the rainbow's sick and cold."

And years, with their joys and sorrows,  
Have passed since we lost the way  
To the beautiful buried treasure  
At the end of the rainbow's ray;  
But love has been true and tender,  
And life has been rich and sweet,  
And we still clasp hands with the olden joy  
That made our love complete.  
—D. M. Alden, in Century.

Tula Velasquez.

BY AD. H. GIBSON.

Leo Gordon was a handsome young  
southerner, whose home was on the  
balmy banks of the Pearl River. He  
had served in the Confederacy with  
all the enthusiasm and confidence that  
characterized the most intrepid wear-  
ers of gray. It was not so much the  
discomfiture he felt at the termina-  
tion of the civil struggle, as it was  
that he had the spirit of an ad-  
venturer, which had led Leo to aban-  
don his southern home and seek that  
land of thrilling romance, Mexico. Leo  
found Mex co then in a belligerent  
state. Immediately on his landing, he  
joined the army of Juarez, who was  
fighting against Maximilian.

Many were the brave deeds of Leo  
Gordon, which won the respect and  
admiration of his comrades, and of  
the great chief himself. But it is not  
of his services in that struggle that  
we intend to write; but of a certain ad-  
venture, deeply rose-hued with ro-  
mance, in which Leo played an active  
part.

With several of his friends, who  
had followed him from the United  
States, Leo went one night to the  
luxurious hacienda of a very wealthy  
Mexican ranchero, and asked the  
savage-browed master to grant them  
permission to pass the night there.

With a few crusty words in a surly  
voice, the ranchero refused the re-  
quest. But the Americans persisted,  
and on their saying, at last, that they  
were determined to stay any way, he  
gruffly and sullenly acquiesced to their  
lodging beneath his roof.

The hacienda had a somewhat ram-  
bling, partially furnished wing that was  
used by the ranchero's family, but had  
long ago been abandoned to the bats  
and spiders. This wing was assigned  
to the accommodation of the half-dozen  
adventurous Americans, who had in-  
sisted on passing the night at the  
hacienda. Here they would be  
wholly to themselves, save the stealthy  
gnawing that broke the silence of  
those unused rooms, and suggested a  
multitude of rats.

The moon was up and was filtering  
her silvery beams over the breast of  
the warm, delicious night. Leo was  
leaning out of one of the long, narrow  
windows of the wing, looking with  
sincere admiration at the ample and  
beautiful flower gardens of his host.  
The flowers, in the moon's wealth of  
pellucid splendor, with their rich per-  
fumes tossed to him ever and anon by  
the bland, south winds, carried the  
young southerner's mind back to his  
home on the Pearl, with its flower-bed-  
decked walks and balmy nooks.

So lost was he in the memories  
which the scene before him evoked,  
that, at first, he did not observe a beau-  
tiful Mexican girl approaching the  
window from which he leaned.

As she drew nearer, the young sol-  
dier became aware of her presence.  
She was very handsome. Her form,  
which was plump and richly clad,  
her eyes were dark and intelligent.  
She looked searchingly at Leo, and as  
if satisfied with her swift scrutiny, she  
raised one soft, dimpled hand in warn-  
ing and placed the forefinger over her  
crimson lips to enjoin his silence.

"This is mystery personified!" Leo  
exclaimed, within himself.

But he preserved silence, and not a  
movement of the graceful girl escaped  
his vigilant eye. He did not even  
shift his attitude, fearing he might  
arouse his companions, who were rest-  
ing on the couches of the long apart-  
ment, and he cared not to disturb them.  
What could be the meaning of the  
strange procedure of the lovely Mexi-  
can girl?

As she stood with her fingers over  
her lips, she glanced back over her  
shoulder to make sure that her move-  
ments were not observed by other than  
the young American. Assuring her-  
self that she had not been suspected  
and watched, she glided up as close to  
the window as she well could, and  
whispered in a musical voice:

"Look, señor! I place this down  
here for you. Get and read it as soon  
as I am gone."

And as she uttered these words, she  
stooped and placed a note under a rose-  
bush. Then plucking several blossoms  
from the bush, to avert suspicion, she  
should be seen in that quarter, she  
turned quickly and left him without  
vouchsafing him another glance from  
her dark eyes.

Leo's curiosity was deeply stirred.  
Here was promise of romance and ad-  
venture, and he had no doubt.  
He gazed after the girl until she was  
lost from view. He was fully satisfied  
that the girl was a lady of considerable  
refinement, but in some trouble from  
which, no doubt, she hoped he might  
be instrumental in effecting her re-  
lease.

When they had ridden into the plaza  
that evening, Leo Gordon had noticed  
two dark figures in the moment, several  
feminine forms and faces. But so care-  
fully had they concealed themselves,  
that the American had caught but a  
transient glimpse of them.

"I'm just in the right mood for an  
adventure," he uttered to himself.  
"I'll secure that note beneath the rose  
if the old diuenna herself rules the  
flower-garden."

He stepped softly to the door, which  
stood ajar, and passed out. He looked  
about him circumspectively. Not a  
soul was in sight. The night was lovely  
and everything seemed to favor his  
plans.

With an elastic spring, Leo's strong,  
well-trained limbs carried him over the  
fence which shut out the garden from  
their quarters. Once over the fence  
Leo sauntered nonchalantly towards  
the bush where the note of mystery  
lay hidden.

Feigning to admire the roses, he  
stopped, and, with a dexterous grab,  
soon possessed himself of the mysteri-

ous epistle. He was walking leisurely  
back to his room with the delicately  
scented note thrust in his breast, when  
his dignified steps were vastly accel-  
erated by a huge Mexican blood-hound  
suddenly materializing among the  
bushes at the other end of the garden,  
and plunging head-long after him.

Leo felt that, perhaps, the eyes of  
the Mexican beauty might be preserv-  
ing him, and would have fain preserv-  
ed his dignity during the retreat. But  
he found it expedient to change his  
will after one sweeping glance into the  
capacious red mouth of the canine  
monster that had been so quick to re-  
sist an intrusion on his master's pri-  
vate grounds.

Leo, for once, bade dignity a hasty  
farewell and vaulted the fence in the  
very face of his savage foe. He just  
barely made his escape, and that was  
all. He congratulated himself, as he  
hastily entered the wing of the hacien-  
da, that the Mexican dress he wore  
had no superfluity of coal-trails he had  
suffered an inglorious diminution in  
length.

Safe within the quarters which had  
been reluctantly assigned to him and  
his companions, Leo broke the seal of  
the dainty little note, and perused with  
eager eyes the following finely-written  
lines:

SIXTOS AMERICANOS—This is penned by  
an unfortunate maiden, who, believing in  
your nobleness of soul, implores your help to  
save her from a cruel fate.

My father, the ranchero, who reluctantly  
permits you to pass the night here, intends  
to force me to wed, this night, an officer in  
the Army of Maximilian, a man whom I  
most vehemently detest, but who holds some  
power over my father, and I am to be the  
victim to atone for his power.

The man I truly love is El Captain Enzal-  
do, the bravest of men, and a soldier of  
chief, Juarez. I desire to fly to the pro-  
tection of my lover, and I implore your aid that  
I may do so.

The ceremony is to be held at ten o'clock  
to-night, when that detested man, Col. Hen-  
rique Fernandez, will be here to claim me.  
I beg of you, if you will, to be at the door of  
Juarez except under the cover of deep night.  
The little chapel, which you may easily see  
from the wing which you occupy, is the place  
where the marriage rites are performed.

In writing this, good, brave Señors Americanos,  
I appeal to your goodness of heart, to save  
me from this living death, and in doing so  
you will ever receive the sincere prayers  
of poor, unhappy TULA VELASQUEZ.

P. S.—My trusty maid, Zela, will have  
horses ready in the grove beyond the garden,  
and we beg to find under your protection to  
that of my noble Enzaldo.

Leo read the letter through several  
times, then he said to himself:  
"Tula Velasquez! And this girl who  
appeals to us for assistance is the very  
same of whom I have heard my friend  
Enzaldo speak with such glowing  
praise. Verily, it is all so strange!  
But I am willing to take any risk to  
protect a lady from such an unwell-  
come fate as a forced marriage. This  
is promise of adventure," and he  
roused his sleeping comrades and read  
Tula's letter to them.

The party was composed of young  
men of adventurous spirits, and most  
of them knew the handsome Enzaldo  
in Juarez's army and were ready to  
engage in any combat or undertaking,  
however daring, if in so doing they  
could serve that young officer or the  
girl he loved.

Accordingly, they made all things  
ready and waited for the hour of ten  
to roll round.

Leo was on his watch at the window,  
and when last he beheld the bride-  
groom moving swiftly and as silently as  
spectres towards the chappelle, he gave  
the signal to his companions to follow  
him. They filed orderly out of the  
wing, and very soon the wedding  
party was joined by six uninvited  
guests.

The ranchero, what was leading the  
lovely bride, unwitting Tula, halted near  
the door of the chappelle and looked  
over his shoulder. Perhaps he had detected  
the tread of the Americans, though  
they had arrived almost noiselessly.

At the same time, a tall, middle aged,  
grizzled bearded Mexican officer, Hen-  
rique Fernandez, the would be bride-  
groom, who was a little in advance of  
the bride, became aware of the Ameri-  
can's presence. The officer, Fernan-  
dez, was attended by two younger of-  
ficers, and a small crowd of the most  
corrosive uniforms. The party stopped.  
Fernandez, in an imperious voice, de-  
manded:

"Don Velasquez, I particularly re-  
quested that this ceremony should be  
free from all intrusion. Who are the  
strangers?"

The moon, ere this, had lowered  
herself behind a bold range of moun-  
tains in the west, hence the dim out-  
lines only of the intruders could be  
seen. They were, however, in the most  
dress could be distinctly seen.

"It is the Señors Americanos," re-  
plied the savage voice of Velasquez.  
"Why are you here, señors?" he de-  
manded.

"Don Velasquez," replied Leo, step-  
ping boldly before the ranchero, you are  
cruelly forcing your child to marry,  
this night, one whom her soul detests,  
while she waits for nothing of the most  
brave Enzaldo of Juarez's army. It  
is to save Tula Velasquez from the  
evil fate you have selected for her, that  
we are here."

With a glad cry, Tula Velasquez  
tore herself away from her father's  
side, and rushed up to Leo, just as he  
struck the revolver, which the Mexican  
officer had leveled at him, from his  
hip.

Quickly leveling his own revolver in  
the face of Henrique Fernandez, he  
said: "You are my prisoner, Col. Fernan-  
dez. Stir from your tracks at our  
peril."

The Mexican officer knew that he  
was no match for the young American,  
and one glance was sufficient to show  
him that the least resistance would in-  
vite his death. But he had been for-  
bidden to use his voice, so he called to  
Velasquez, who, at first, was too  
dazed at the very unexpected attack to  
move.

"Don Velasquez, call upon your ser-  
vants for help; inform my men with-  
out!"

The young officers who had accom-  
panied Fernandez had all they could  
do in a hand-to-hand struggle with  
two of the Americans. However, the  
struggle was of short duration, and the  
Mexicans soon surrendered.

The ranchero gave a weak call for  
help, which some of the men-servants  
quickly answered.

A sort of melee commenced. There  
was a scene of confusion by the little  
chapel door. Pistol shots rang out on  
the still night air. The women in at-  
tendance shrieked and fled through the  
garden. The priest who stood un-  
moved in the chapel door, shouted in  
vain to be heard above the din.

In the height of it all, Leo, with a  
severe wound in his left arm, received  
he scarcely knew how, cut his way out,  
dragging Col. Fernandez, a prisoner  
still, with him. Tula Velasquez and  
Zela, her maid, were near by, and the  
two dark figures in the moment, several  
feminine forms and faces. But so care-  
fully had they concealed themselves,  
that the American had caught but a  
transient glimpse of them.

"I'm just in the right mood for an  
adventure," he uttered to himself.  
"I'll secure that note beneath the rose  
if the old diuenna herself rules the  
flower-garden."

He stepped softly to the door, which  
stood ajar, and passed out. He looked  
about him circumspectively. Not a  
soul was in sight. The night was lovely  
and everything seemed to favor his  
plans.

With an elastic spring, Leo's strong,  
well-trained limbs carried him over the  
fence which shut out the garden from  
their quarters. Once over the fence  
Leo sauntered nonchalantly towards  
the bush where the note of mystery  
lay hidden.

Feigning to admire the roses, he  
stopped, and, with a dexterous grab,  
soon possessed himself of the mysteri-

soldiers left on the plaza by Col. Fer-  
nandez, will again oppose us.

When at last their trail was discov-  
ered, the Mexicans gave them a hot  
chase for a short distance. But they  
had the prudence to relinquish the pur-  
suit, as they were being drawn within  
a short way from Juarez's camp.

Leo and his companions dashed into  
camp, where the lovely Tula was  
placed under the charge of Enzaldo,  
and the prisoners surrounded by Juarez  
himself, who found them in Col. Fernandez,  
a foe whom he had long desired to cap-  
ture.

Leo Gordon's wound was so obsti-  
nate in healing that he was compelled  
to leave the service. Before he had  
quit Mexico, however, he saw Tula  
Velasquez and Enzaldo happily made  
one. Three years after, when Leo re-  
turned to visit his friends in Mexico,  
he saw Enzaldo's handsome and ac-  
complished sister, Valletta. A love  
sprang up between them, and they  
were soon married, Leo bringing his  
bride to dwell on the banks of the  
Pearl.—Yankee Blade.

She Meant Nothing Personal.

"Madam," said a man with a crushed  
hat and dilapidated clothes as he ap-  
peared at the basement door of a Har-  
lem house, "I have here some little  
bottles of my own genuine patent in-  
destructible cement, for mending broken  
china and other articles absolutely  
indispensable to any well-regulat-

"Don't want it, sir!"

"It's only ten cents a bottle, madam,  
and it will pay."

"No use for anything of the kind I  
say—wouldn't have it!"

"It is warranted to mend any thing  
in the line of broken dishes or—"

"I tell you I don't want it, and you  
needn't stand there any longer."

"All right, madam, all right; don't  
want to intrude. Fine morning, mad-  
am. The lady next door made a little  
remark about you, madam, but I don't  
suppose you would care any thing  
about hearing it repeated. Goodby,  
madam."

"All on a minute, won't you. She  
said something about me, you say?"

"Yes, ma'am, but I don't think you  
would care to hear it. I've got to hurry  
along."

"Just one moment, I believe I'll take  
a bottle of that stuff."

"The lady I was speaking of took  
three bottles for a quarter, madam, but  
I—"

"Give me four bottles, please; half  
the dishes in the house are broken.  
The idea of her saying anything about  
me, the mean thing!"

"Yes, certainly. Accidents will hap-  
pen to valuable china. Apply it with  
the brush, as directed. Also, I have  
large bottles of furniture polish, 50  
cents a bottle. Two bottles? All right.  
There you are. That's your chance,  
madam. Hope every thing will be  
satisfactory. Good morning."

"But wait just another moment—  
you did not tell me what that wo-  
man said about me. I'll teach her to  
talk about me behind my back!"

"O, yes, I most forgot it. You see  
it was this way: I asked her if the  
lady in the next-house, meaning you,  
was, was at home?"

"Yes, yes, I understand. What did  
she say then?"

"She spoke up quick like, and said  
she didn't know. That was all, mad-  
am—I told you it wa'n't much. Be  
sure and apply the cement with the  
brush, as directed. Goodby!"—New  
York Tribune.

Why Trunks Do Not Last.

Think of the railroad employes that  
now find their labors doubled. "I  
have heard of a trunk road," exclaimed  
an old woman, as she gazed upon the  
immense amount of luggage, "but here  
are trunks by the thousand." The  
Pennsylvania Central sent out 130  
trains last Saturday, and this is only  
one of the great avenues to the country.  
Reckon, think of the baggage-car is suf-  
fering at such a time. Think



# The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, AUG. 30, 1888.

## A Farmer's Review of It.

To the Editor of The Ypsilantian.

Dear Sir:—One of your county contemporaries recently contained an article headed, "A Farmer's View of It." The author introduced himself as "A farmer, the son of a farmer, and the father of farmers." His ideas of farming being somewhat vague, however, we are inclined to doubt his ever having been "closely identified with the agricultural interest."

After introducing himself, he makes known his circumstances. In doing this, he makes the following well (?) connected statements, in the space of thirteen lines of the first paragraph: "I own one hundred and sixty acres of as rich, well watered and wooded land as there is in the state of Ohio. This attempt to educate my boys has left me very poor. Fortunately I have kept out of debt." I quote these statements because they furnish a new idea of poverty.

The writer has managed to read some, "mostly Sundays and at night," and has learned that the lowest form of pauper labor is agricultural labor, and that an agricultural people are easily conquered. To prove the first of these propositions he cites the condition of the farm laborers in the wheat growing regions of the Baltic, in Egypt, and in India. After dwelling at some length on the condition of the people in these countries, the writer prophesies that the farmers of the United States are coming to the same condition. He has observed that "within the last twenty-five years, agricultural values have shrunk 30 per cent, and this while every other sort of property has been on the rise." We will admit that agricultural values have shrunk, but we should be pleased to have some one explain how value in other kinds of property have increased. Twenty-five years ago a bushel of wheat would buy about four yards of sheeting; to-day it will buy at least ten. At that time nails sold at ten cents per pound; now they sell at three. Then, salt cost in the neighborhood of three dollars per barrel; now we can buy better, for one dollar. At that time our cutlery and watches were largely imported from Europe; now we make better articles at home and they are sold at lower prices.

As to the other point, that "an agricultural people are easily conquered," our friend need not trouble himself, if protection shall continue to be the policy of the United States. Sixty years ago, eighty per cent. of the people of this country were on farms; now there are less than fifty per cent. And if, as the writer maintains, the tariff favors the manufacturers, the per cent. of our manufacturing population will increase and we shall be in less danger of falling a prey to some other nation. But what will be the result if the tariff is removed so the cheaper products of Europe can be sold in our markets? It is very evident that we can not buy European manufactures and American food. Consequently, if we buy in Europe things which we now buy at home, the manufacturers of America will be deprived of their market and will be forced to close their establishments. This means the putting of our manufacturing population back on the farms. What will they do there? They will raise wheat, cotton, etc., and ship them to England, and take their pay for what is left after paying freight both ways in English goods, just as the people of Egypt and India do, just as the wheat growers of Russia do. That is the road to the "sheepskin coat and eighteen dollars a year"—to the "cotton shirt and six cents a day."

Taking up another phase of the question, the writer attempts to show how much the tariff takes out of the farmer's pocket. By studying the tariff and doing some "figuring," he estimates the tariff bleeds him, on the articles he buys, something over two hundred dollars a year. If he had studied farther and kept on figuring by the same rule, he would have found another side to the question. If his "poor little farm of one hundred and sixty acres" is as rich as he claims at the beginning of his article, it must produce something. We will say it produces each year five hundred bushels of wheat, the same of corn, about seven hundred bushels of oats and thirty tons of hay. He could easily keep one hundred sheep, which would shear six hundred pounds of wool, on such a farm. Let us see how his method of estimating works on these articles. The "unnecessary tax" on wheat is twenty cents a bushel. On five hundred bushels, therefore, his gain is one hundred dollars. On corn the tariff is ten cents per bushel. This is a gain on his crop of fifty dollars. The tariff on oats is ten cents a bushel also. Another gain to him of seventy dollars. On hay the tariff is two dollars per ton. Another sixty dollars. On his wool crop he bleeds the manufacturer to the extent of sixty dollars also. Every time he sells a four-hundred-dollar pair of horses to go to the lumber camps or on the street cars, he takes eighty dollars out of the corporation, and so on down the list. I expect to hear some free trader say this talk is all nonsense. To such I will say that the theory that the tariff is added to the price of an article is your own basis of estimation when you attempt to show how the farmer is taxed for the benefit of the manufacturer. I should like to have some of you explain why it is not as reasonable to suppose the tariff adds twenty cents to the price of a bushel of wheat as it is to claim it adds seventeen dollars to the price of a ton of steel rails; why it doesn't add ten cents to the price of a bushel of corn as much as it adds three cents to the price of a pound of nails; why it doesn't add two dollars to the price of a ton of hay as much as it adds thirty-five cents to the price of a barrel of salt.

But let us return to our subject. In referring to the lumber camps in one paragraph, the writer says it costs one dollar to get a bushel of wheat ready for market, and, "Last year the home market, as the thing is called, gave me sixty cents a bushel. This coming harvest I expect fifty cents, for this is the rate of decline, and all my other products suffer the same loss. This sort of thing never occurred with the foreign market." In another paragraph he says, "All the surplus that is over the home demand goes to Europe, where the price is fixed, not only for what is sold there, but for what is sold at home." Consistent, indeed! Let us put these statements in another form. The price in our market is continually on the decline. The price in the foreign market does not decline. The price in the foreign market fixes the price in our market. Here we have three statements, any two of which being taken as true, will prove the third one false—a fair specimen of free trade logic.

Let us consider some of the facts in regard to the farmer's market. I have already shown that the per cent. of our people engaged in farming is decreasing. This means that we have more consumers of farm products in proportion to the number of farmers. Now, if the most terrible disease, dyspepsia. After paying out hundreds of dollars, the only medicine I found that would do me any good was Sulphur Bitters. Six bottles cured me. Now I can eat well and am happy and hungry.—[Editor.] 5253

"For," they say, "other nations can not buy of us unless we buy of them." Do they ever consider that the same rule applies to our own manufacturing population? If the tariff is removed, one of two things will happen. We will either buy the manufactures of foreign nations or our own manufacturers will be compelled to undersell the foreign ones. How will these conditions affect us as farmers? In the first case, if we buy abroad, we shall be deprived of our manufacturing population, and the market for most of these products thrown back on the farms. So we shall lose our home market for the sake of getting the foreign one; and if we pay the foreign laborer less for his productions than we now pay the American, he will have less money to spend with us than the American now has. Therefore, we shall increase the number of farmers in America and decrease the price of farm products. On the other hand, if the American manufacturer undersells the foreign one, so we continue to buy at home, he must pay lower wages than he now does. Consequently our manufacturing population will have less money to spend for our productions. This will be an injury to our home market, and the foreign one will be no better than it now is. Looking at this question in either light, we are forced to this conclusion: If we buy in a cheap market, we must sell in one.

The question then is, do we farmers want a cheap market, or a dear one? If prices should drop fifty per cent. all around, our produce would buy as much as it now does and no more. If they should double, it would be the same. Which is better for us? As a class, we produce more than we consume. Many of us are in debt, and what is left of our products, after paying for the things we consume, goes to pay our debts. If prices decline, it will take as much of our produce to pay for the things we consume as it now does, and the balance will bring us less money to pay our debts with. On the other hand, if prices increase, the purchasing power of our produce will remain the same, and what is left after buying our necessities will give us more money to pay our debts. The farmer, then, has nothing to gain from a cheap market, and much to lose from it. They have nothing to lose from a dear market, and much to gain from it. But there are men who will receive much benefit from a cheap market. They are the men who receive a fixed salary from government positions; the men who have thousands of dollars in farm mortgages; the men who, like the Vanderbilts, have millions in government bonds. To these men a decrease in prices means an increase in the purchasing power of their property.

But, Mr. Editor, I notice I have carelessly referred to the millionaire. I had not intended to do this, because the subject is an unpleasant one to many of my free trade friends, and lest I should forget myself again I will close.

Respectfully yours,  
A. F. ARMER.

## Neighborhood.

### WILLIS.

Born, to George Smith and wife, a daughter.

Born, to Mr. Centaur and wife, a son. D. Russell has the frame for his store and dwelling up.

Wm. J. Russell and family took the train at Willis for home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Russell of Van Buren visited Mrs. Palmer, Saturday.

Miss Judith Fountain has returned from Bay City.

Mamie Dickerson and Luie Freeman are visiting friends in Milan.

George Bennett went to Milan to visit his daughter, Saturday.

Martin Dawson's bronze wheat yielded 30 bushels to the acre, Ed Tabor's clawson, the same.

Miss Mina Day is visiting friends in Milan.

Miss Minnie Bissell, teaches a school near Chicago the coming year.

Miss Clara Lord has gone to Addison to visit her sister, whose child is very sick.

Daniel Freeman was no better when last heard from.

Jack Frost put in an appearance last week and, south and east of us, but very little damage was done.

If any of the patrons of your paper would like to purchase the finest oleander ever seen, Mrs. H. Simmons has one to sell. It is six feet high and blossoms all winter. Even now it is a bank of blossoms. The apple crop bids fair to be the best for many a year. The fruit is very perfect.

### BELLEVILLE.

Sunday school picnic Saturday.

Mrs. Frank Scoop is visiting friends at Shepard.

Miss Elsie Gregory left for home, Saturday.

Memorial services for the late Bishop Harris were held at the Episcopal church Sunday last, by Prof. Sil.

Miss Letta Fell left for Manistique, Monday where she will teach.

School begins next Monday.

Frank Cody begins operations at Willow Run school next Monday.

Mrs. A. Bradshaw is visiting friends at Detroit.

A democrat pole adorns our streets.

### SALEM.

Quarterly meeting services were held at Leland's church Saturday, conducted by Rev. W. E. B.

Last Tuesday, Asel Carey fell from the top of his wood house striking on his back and injuring himself quite severely.

Mr. T. Wyckoff is staying with his sister, Mrs. Shears, of Plymouth, who is not expected to live.

Miss Alice Quackenbush will occupy the position as teacher in the new school at Dixboro, this fall.

A daughter at the home of Wesley Merrihew.

The W. C. T. U. of Salem will hold their meeting, Thursday, Aug. 30th, at Lapham's church.

Mr. E. C. Warner was the guest of Mr. Geo. S. Wheeler, Thursday.

Mrs. Brinkman is on the sick list.

### Local Excursion for September.

Detroit Races, Sept. 4-8, one fare for round trip with one dollar added for admission ticket.

Base Ball Games at Detroit.

Friday, Sept. 7, Detroit vs. Washington Tuesday, " 11, " Philadelphia Saturday, " 15, " Boston Thursday, " 20, " New York

One fare for round trip with 50 cents added for admission ticket to games.

Labor Day Demonstration at Detroit Sept. 3. One fare for round trip, tickets good to return Sept. 4.

Art Loan Exhibition at Detroit, Sept. 1, to November 15. Tickets will be sold on Thursday of each week until November 15, good returning on following day at one fare for round trip with 25 cents added for ticket of admission.

Prohibition meeting at Detroit, Sept. 11 and 12, tickets good to return Sept. 13. One fare for round trip.

Michigan State Fair at Jackson, Sept. 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14, tickets good returning to Ypsilanti, one fare for round trip. Special train for Jackson leaves Ypsilanti at 6:40 every morning during the fair.

### Happy and Hungry.

For over five years I was a constant sufferer with that most terrible and annoying disease, dyspepsia. After paying out hundreds of dollars, the only medicine I found that would do me any good was Sulphur Bitters. Six bottles cured me. Now I can eat well and am happy and hungry.—[Editor.] 5253

## Common Council Proceedings.

### REGULAR MEETING.

Monday evening, Aug. 20, 1888.

Council met.

Mayor presiding.

Roll called; absent Ald. George.

### PETITIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Honorable Common Council for the City of Ypsilanti:

I hereby petition you to grant permission that I may be privileged to build a wooden barn upon the South east corner of my lot, being lot number eighty-eight (88) in the original plat of the village (now city) of Ypsilanti Mich. Ypsilanti, August 20, 1888.

E. C. Bowling.

Referred to Com. on Fire Dept.

To the Honorable, the Common Council of the City of Ypsilanti:

I respectfully ask permission to occupy a portion of Cross street in front of Lot No. 319 with building material while erecting a brick building on said lot.

Ypsilanti, Aug. 20, 1888.

E. H. Kennedy.

Granted.

To the Mayor and Common Council of the City of Ypsilanti:

Sirs,

Feeling confident that a perfect system of Water Works would be of great benefit to your city, and knowing that it is necessary for the future prosperity of your city, we make the following Water Works Proposition:

For the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars per annum, we propose to establish and maintain and operate a complete system of water works in your city, and to have less money to spend for our productions. This will be an injury to our home market, and the foreign one will be no better than it now is. Looking at this question in either light, we are forced to this conclusion: If we buy in a cheap market, we must sell in one.

The question then is, do we farmers want a cheap market, or a dear one? If prices should drop fifty per cent. all around, our produce would buy as much as it now does and no more. If they should double, it would be the same. Which is better for us? As a class, we produce more than we consume. Many of us are in debt, and what is left of our products, after paying for the things we consume, goes to pay our debts. If prices decline, it will take as much of our produce to pay for the things we consume as it now does, and the balance will bring us less money to pay our debts with. On the other hand, if prices increase, the purchasing power of our produce will remain the same, and what is left after buying our necessities will give us more money to pay our debts. The farmer, then, has nothing to gain from a cheap market, and much to lose from it. They have nothing to lose from a dear market, and much to gain from it. But there are men who will receive much benefit from a cheap market. They are the men who receive a fixed salary from government positions; the men who have thousands of dollars in farm mortgages; the men who, like the Vanderbilts, have millions in government bonds. To these men a decrease in prices means an increase in the purchasing power of their property.

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Resolved, That the Marshal be and he is hereby instructed to cause a sidewalk 12 feet in width to be constructed on the east side of Washington Street in front of Honer's store within 20 days from this date, said sidewalk to comply with the requirements of Ordinance No. 19, relative to the construction of sidewalks, made and passed in Common Council the 20th day of February, 1882.

And if any person before whose premises such sidewalk is hereby ordered, shall neglect or refuse to construct such sidewalk within the time specified, it shall be the duty of the Marshal to employ some other person to furnish the material and construct said sidewalk at a fair valuation, and report same, with the account therefor, properly attested, to this Council, for assessment against such premises, with ten per cent additional.

Dated Aug. 20, 1888.

Adopted.

By Ald. Terner—

Resolved, That the Marshal be and he is hereby instructed to at once rebuild the sluice west end of Congress St. bridge in front of the premises of C. J. Demoss.

Adopted. Ayes 8 Nays 1

By Ald. Wilcoxson—

Resolved, That the Marshal, Deputy, and special Dy-Marshals are hereby instructed to rigidly enforce the ordinance relative to dogs and to kill all dogs found running at large unmuzzled.

Adopted.

A request having been made by Ald. Goldsmith, to purchase the grave in the 1st Dist. pound. Ald. Wilcoxson moved that the same be referred to Com. of Way Means.

Carried.

On motion Council adjourned to meet Monday Eve, Sept. 3, 1888, at 7:30 o'clock.

FRANK JOSLYN,  
City Clerk.

## Annual Pioneer Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Washtenaw County Pioneer Society will meet at "Relief Park," Ann Arbor city, on Wednesday, Sept. 5, at 10 a. m., for the election of officers, and other business. Addresses by Rev. F. A. Blades of Detroit, one of the eloquent preachers of this country during the civil war, also by Rev. S. H. Adams of Ann Arbor, and others. It is expected Wilsey's quartette will furnish the music. As this is to be a picnic everybody is requested to bring a supply of good things for the feast. Plenty of seats and tables.

J. Q. A. SESSIONS,  
Secretary.

For Sale.

2 brick blocks on Congress street,  
3 houses and lots  
3 " " Huron "  
2 " " Hamilton "  
1 house and lot on East Cross "  
1 " " Prospect "  
1 " " Adams "  
1 " " Forest avenue.

Also houses to rent. Inquire of  
E. B. MOREHOUSE.

Old Papers  
at this office by the 100.

Get "The Little Giant School Shoe," for the boys and girls at the Bee Hive.

**SPECIAL!**

On and after Monday, August 27th, I will offer my entire stock at

**VERY LOW PRICES**

**Terms Cash.**

**HAND BAGS, SHAWL STRAPS, ETC.**

All persons indebted to me will please call and settle at their earliest convenience.

**H. P. GLOVER.**

**Notice.**

The annual meeting of School District No. 4, City and Township of Ypsilanti, Michigan, for the election of District Officers, to-wit: Two Trustees in place of Don C. Batchelder and Chas. E. King, whose terms of office then expire, will be held at the City Hall, on Monday, September 3d, 1888. The polls will be opened at 8 o'clock in the forenoon and will remain open until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The annual meeting for the transaction of the business of said District other than election of Trustees, will be held in the Assembly Room of the Seminary Building, at 8 o'clock in the evening of said day. By order of the Board.

Dated, August 20th, 1888.

JOHN TAYLOR, President.  
Chas. E. King, Secretary.

**Notice.**

I, the undersigned, assignee of Nicholas Cordary, do hereby give notice that said Nicholas Cordary has made a general assignment to me of all his stock of groceries, provisions, wares and merchandise located on Congress street, near the Iron Works in the City of Ypsilanti, Washtenaw County, Michigan, now in my possession. And that I will receive sealed bids for said stock up to Saturday September 15th 1888.

The stock is open to inspection during business hours. Terms cash. For further information apply to the undersigned at my law offices 29 and 31 McGraw Building, Detroit, Michigan.

The right to reject any and all bids is expressly reserved.

**WILLIAM LOOK,**  
Assignee of Nicholas Cordary.  
Detroit, September 1, 1888. 5253

**Mortgage Sale.**

By a mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of June, in the year eighteen hundred sixty-six, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the county of Washtenaw, state of Michigan, on the twenty-eighth day of June, eighteen hundred sixty-six, at 11 o'clock and 20 minutes, a. m., in liber 37 of mortgages, on page 46, Richard West and Jane West, his wife, mortgaged to Benjamin T. Miller, all that parcel of land lying in the township of Superior, in the county of Washtenaw, and named: The west half of the southeast quarter of section twenty-two (22), in township two (2) south range seven east, containing eighty acres. The said mortgage was afterwards, by an instrument of assignment dated February 28th, 1878, and recorded in said Register's office, March 5th, 1879, in liber 6 of assignments of mortgages, on page 394, assigned by said Joseph Suggitt to Sarah Suggitt.

The amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is six hundred and ninety-one dollars. Default having occurred in a condition of said mortgage by which the power of sale therein contained has become operative, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt thereby secured or any part thereof, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said mortgaged premises at public vendue to the highest bidder, on Friday the twenty-third day of November, A. D. 1888, at 12 o'clock at noon, at the east front door of the Court House in the City of Ann Arbor, to said county, said Court House being the place of holding the Circuit Court within said county.

Dated August 30th, 1888.

**SARAH SUGGITT,**  
Assignee of said Mortgage.  
THOS. NINDE,  
Attorney.

**LOUGHBRIDGE & WILCOX,**

Fine Granite and Marble

**NOW**

Is a very desirable time to enter the

**CLEARY**

*Business College.*

Circulars on application.

**President, Ypsilanti, Mich.**

**LOUGHBRIDGE & WILCOX.**

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN.

**MONUMENTS AND TABLETS**

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC.

We are now prepared to make prices that defy competition. We have no traveling agents. We found by experience they were expensive attachments, and have concluded to give our customers the discounts saved by this change. If you will come to the works we will convince you of this fact.

No establishment in this section can compete with us, for we have more stock finished ready for engraving than any three concerns in the state. You will readily see why we can undersell them.

**LOUGHBRIDGE & WILCOX.**

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN.

# Harris Bros. & Co.

A New Stock of Lamps and Fixtures just received. Fruits and Oysters Saturday.

# Tycoon Tea House

# JOHN P. TERNS,

—DEALER IN—

# STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

44 East Congress St.,

Carries a full line of all kinds of Groceries. Try some of our HONEY-BEE COFFEE and Japan Teas. Fruits in season, and prices always the lowest at the

# Fifth Ward Grocery.

# Great Bargains for Sept.

# E. SAMSON

Is now receiving a large and elegant stock of

# Books and Stationery

for the STUDENTS of the Normal and Union Schools.

Over 100 kinds of Note Books and Pads, and a full line of

# Second-Hand Books

Prices can't be beat. Everybody Welcome to Call.

Also a large stock of

Perfumery and Cosmetics, Fine Toilet Soaps, Tooth Brushes, etc., etc.

COME ONE! COME ALL!!

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COME ONE! COME ALL!!

COME ONE! COME ALL!!

COME ONE! COME ALL!!

COME ONE! COME ALL!!

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